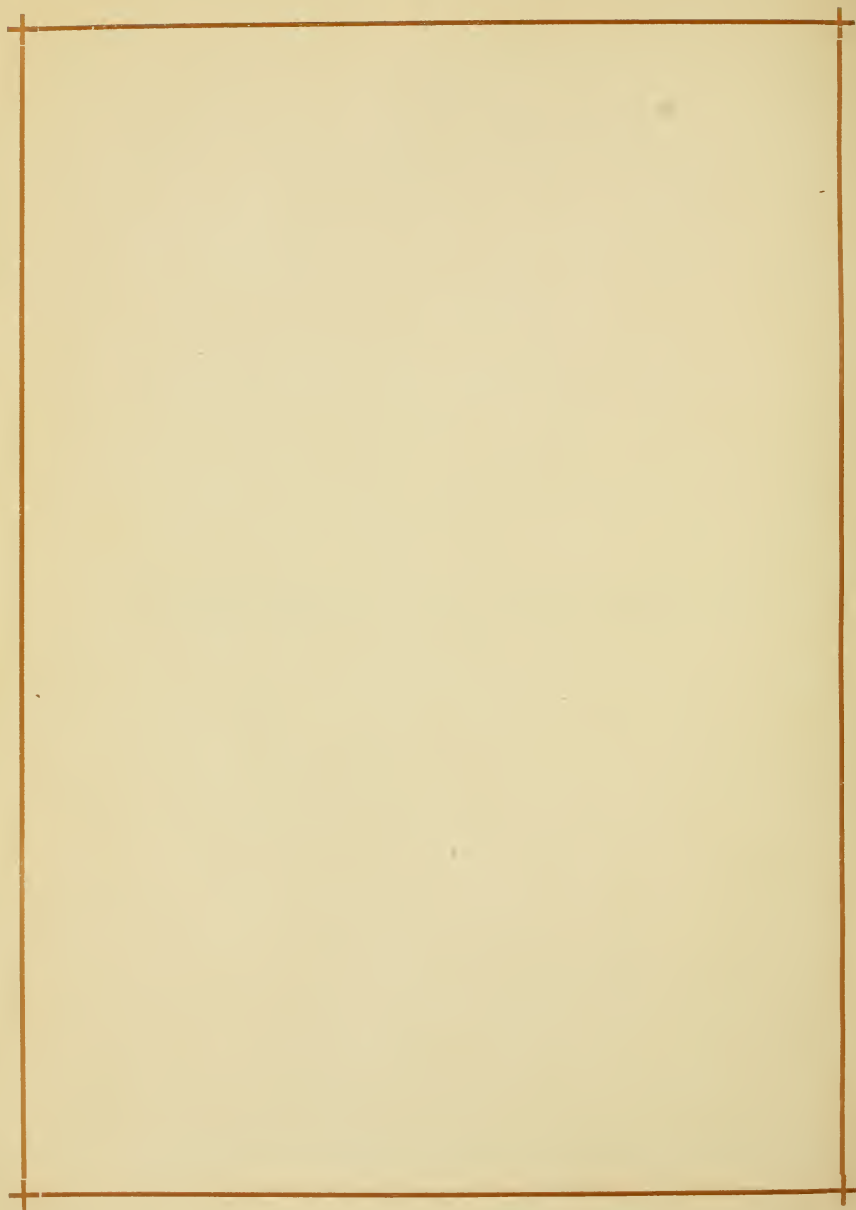


Bright Spots in Camp Life



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by

ISAAC MOSHEIM WEILLS
of
Harrisburg, Pa.



1904

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To my friends
of
Our Many Camps and Tramps
in search of game, health,
and
pleasure.



PREFACE.

These songs and poems have been called forth from incidents in our notes, taken in many camps and tramps while in search of game, health and pleasure; and are only published now, for the writers own satisfaction, and to keep the boys of former days in closer touch.





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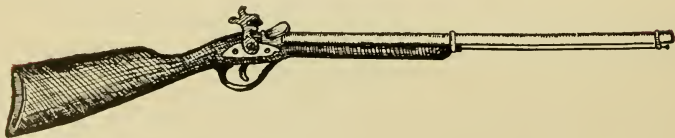


The Old Flint Lock Gun of My Father.

HOW dear to my vision is father's old gun,
As my recollections presents it to view;
The place where it rested, up in the old garret,
Is as fresh to my mind as it ever was true;
The lock, the walnut stock, and the powder horn too,
The ram-rod, the old barrel belonged to it,
Up in the garret my father his gun he hung,
The old trusted gun of my father he prized,
The half stocked flint lock gun that on the wall hung.

Once armed with some powder, I went to that garret,
My father and mother had gone for the day,
I loaded a small charge, and put a flint in it,
And for half an hour I kept sighting away;
"I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,"
The trigger I pulled lightly, senses left me,
And I couldn't have told, whether I, or the gun
Was laying, or, still up in the garret was hung;
The old trusted gun of my father he prized,
The half stocked flint lock gun that on the wall hung.

Some how I got out of the cob-web slimy garret,
And whooped and hollowed, and made a noise awhile;
They say my whooping aroused all the neighbors,
Who lived in a circle of less than one mile;



My fond parents at last came home from their visit,
And then to my case my dear father attended.
Oh! golley, I feel that old strap this very minute,
And I swore off on old guns that on the wall hung;
The old trusted gun of my father he prized,
The half stocked flint lock gun that on the wall hung.





Doom of the Deer.

NOW the deer's days are numbered,
And you wont have long to wait;
The proclamation it is issued,
The fixing of our hunting date:
On the twentieth of November
There'll be a royal eight,
And you'll hear a cry for venison,
From the hunters on that date.

There'll be buckwheat and molasses
Down each waiting throat to pass;
Many palates there'll be tickled
With the tart cranberry sass:
Will there be a lot of dainties?
You may be inclined to cheer,
Yet not one of all the eaters
Will decline a slice of deer.

There'll be fathers, mothers, children,
Brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts;
How the venison on the table
Is the object that enchants:
And if they are still as greedy,
As on feasting days of yore,
At one good serving, they will not stop,
But sure pass up their plates for more.

For the carver will have trouble,
Though he may want his sweet rest,
When so many call for sweet bread,
And so many want the best:
There'll be frequent calls for dressing
In the most persuasive tones;
But before the feast is ended,
There'll be nothing left but bones.

So get ready mister venison,
And get ready hunter man;
Our Thanksgiving Day is coming,
"And you'll see his finish then:"
Now at last his days are numbered,
And you wont have long to wait;
By the ending of November
He'll be smoking on the plate.



To the H. S. H. C.

THOUGH the deers may all be running,
Though the hunters all be lame;
The hunter, like the bed-bug
Will get there just the same.
And when his hunt is over,
He'll come smiling from the tramp,
"For he always makes connections,"
Does the hunter with his camp.

"Ah! he teaches us a lesson,"
With his store of grit;
Things that paralyze most people
Don't astonish him a bit.
"With a smile upon his lips,"
He's a daisy from the back woods,
Is the hunter on his trip.

"Give him a kind word always;
He'll give you back the same;"
For the doings of lawless hunters
Don't give the whole lot the blame.
"For down, away down to hades,"
There's lots of so-called hunters run,
While along the road to camp
Goes the hunter with his gun.



The Important Hunter.

OF all the professions followed by man,
From the killing of game where man began;
For briers and swamps, tramps and strife,
There is nothing compared to the deer hunter's life.

The modern hunter is readily known,
For he has a peculiar tramp of his own;
In pursuing his deer and returning to camp,
Unless perchance he is on his first tramp.

But the new hunter is very important and wise,
And generally puts on airs for other hunters' eyes;
He is out at camp on a one trial tramp.
But considers himself the head of the camp.

He learns more as older he grows,
That the less he has to say, the more sense he shows;
When fully convinced of this state of affairs,
He increases his friends, by thus decreasing his airs.

There are many disappointments that come in the way
Of the man who hunts deer at this modern day;
Many insulting taunts are made at his tramps,
But he chokes them all down for the sake of his camp.

If all the hunters were to die in one night,
This country 'twould leave in a terrible plight;
Our cars would stand and rot on the rail,
Business at the hotels be as dead as a nail.



You would hear no more the sound of the gong,
Livery rigs would go for a song;
Hinges on gun store doors would rust,
And street cars and omnibuses crumble to dust.

The baggage man get no more dimes in his hand,
The saloon business! well, I hardly know as 'twould stand;
The practice of shooting suddenly be dropped,
And all legitimate business be stopped.

Then gather their traps of all sizes and style,
And dump them together on one promiscuous pile;
To the eye a wonderful mixture to behold,
From the lowest grade of traps to the best that is sold.

Thus might fancy run, and many things be said,
But we have proof that the true hunters are not all dead;
For while spending an hour in a gentleman's store,
We were introduced to a dozen or more.

They are all living and moving I am happy to say,
Fellows jolly and good they are by the way;
So have a smile for the boys when you meet on these days,
Give them kind greetings, it will help them on their ways.



The Hunter's End in View.

THERE'S not a deer that runs the woods,
Or eats the lily fair,
Or drinks the crystal dew that's good
But man has seen it there.

There's not of birds a single one,
Or squirrel of loveliest gray,
Which have not their cunning done,
And oft their wisdom displayed.

There's not a hunter whose twinkling eye
Shines on the distant game,
To draw the finest bead to die,
But God has given him name.

Above, below, beneath, around,
The whole earth extend,
There the hunter he is found,
To get game his end.



Hunting on the Old Stamping Ground.

WE have been hunting to-day on the old stamping ground,
Give us a song to cheer,
Our weary hunters a song of game,
And things we love to hear.

CHORUS:

Many are the hunters that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the dawn to appear;
Many are the hunters looking through the sight,
To see the game so dear;
Hunting to-day. hunting to-day,
Hunting on the old stamping ground.

We have been hunting to-day on the old stamping ground,
Talking of the days gone by;
Of our brothers at home that gave us the hand,
And the shake that said good-bye.

We are tired of hunting on the old stamping ground,
Many of the hunters are gone,
Of the brave and the true, who have left their tramp,
Others are missing long.

We have been hunting to-day on the old stamping ground,
Many hunters are lying near;
Some are jolly, some are sad,
Many of them do not care.



We have been hunting to-day on the old stamping ground,
Many return with aches;
We have returned to camp by the light of the lamps,
To fill with buckwheat cakes.

We have been hunting to-day on the old stamping ground,
Many of the cakes are gone;
The sausage too has disappeared,
Give us the ketchup John.

We have been hunting to-day on the old stamping ground,
Looking for turkey and deer;
And John is on the mountain, looking for a fountain,
To keep the ketchup down.



Camp of Other Days.

(Tune:- "Old Oaken Bucket.")

HOW dear to our hearts are the scenes of our hunting,
"When fond recollections presents them to view,"
The mountains, the hill-side, the deep tangled laurel wood,
And every game-spot which our trampings knew;
The foot-log spanded creek, the briars that by it stood,
The brook and rocks where the wild-cats dwell;
The tents of our campers, the spring near by, so good,
And e'en the kettle that hung on the trammel.

CHORUS:

The Allen Valley camp, Bair Valley camp loved so well.
The old Licking Creek camp we hail as a treasure,
For often at eve, when returned from the tramp,
We found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
For purest and sweetest of nature our camp.
How ardent we viewed it with eyes that were glowing,
And so quickly within its white walls we with-drew;
Then soon to the table with vands over-flowing,
And steaming with coffee, each one to it flew.

CHORUS:

The Licking Creek camp, the Pine Grove camp we loved too.
Oh! how soon from each plate the grub disappeared,
As poised on the fork it reclined to our lips;
No! not a five pronged buck would tempt us to fear
Not a cup full of coffee that Jupiler sips.
"And now far removed from the loved situation,"
The tear of regret will intrusively tell,
As fancy reverts to our former camp stations,
And sighs for the camp that all loved so well.

CHORUS:

The tramps of our campings, all loved so well.

Eleven Little Hunters.

ELEVEN little hunters starting out as men,
Ballie supplied the oysters, then there was ten.

Ten little hunters walking in a line,
Legs blistered his heel, and then there was nine.

Nine little hunters sitting by a gate,
Dad left his crossing, then there was eight.

Eight little hunters looking up to heaven,
Al slept on his crossing, then there was seven.

Seven little hunters fixing up a trick,
Bud bought Gilbert's turkey, then there was six.

Six little hunters all on a drive,
John got his ketchup, then there was five.

Five little hunters waiting at the door,
Moley helped bring turkey, then there was four.

Four little hunters resting by a tree,
Kid got spanked, and then there was three.

Three little hunters feeling very blue,
Pipe was playing checkers, then there was two.

Two little hunters looking for fun,
Turkey Call heard Moley call, then there was one.

One little hunter tramping alone,
Dock fell in the creek, and then there was none.



Parody.

The Old Banjo.

MUSIC I'm not much on! often I'm told,
Shure! tunes that I like best are a trifle old;
And they are tuneey, lively, with sort of go,
To the plunkety-plink of the old banjo.

Then their is nothing classic, yet lots of swing,
Have the rags that I pick on my twanging strings;
Couldn't I play anything? twas sad and slow,
To the plunkety-plink of the old banjo.

There's the flute! has a sound that is both soft and sweet
Yet it doesn't get into a fellow's feet;
And there is nothing compared, that man can blow,
To the plunkety-plink of the old banjo.

Of the fiddle I'm fond, the mandolin
And the guitar too, but they don't begin
To suit yours truly, as well, I know,
To the plunkety-plink of the old banjo.

To playing I'm given; if things go wrong,
The break down refrain of some old coon song;
For it livens me up, so I don't feel slow
To the plunkety-plink of the old banjo.

It may not be music, yet I like its noise,
For my troubles it lightens, and helps my joys;
So the longer I live, the fonder I grow
Of the plunkety-plink of the old banjo.



The Mosquito.

NOW as I lay in my hammock swing,
How, oh how the mosquitoes do sing!
If I do but sleep to-night,
Just think how they will bite.

For as I lay in my hammock swing,
They keep up their everlasting sing,
And my arms keep up a swing,
Just to keep them on the wing.

Mosquitoes high, mosquitoes low,
Yes they keep you on the go;
'Tis true as you must know,
When not busy, they sing low.

My, oh my! when they begin to bite,
Not like the bed-bug just at night,
But when, ere you come in sight,
They attack you with all their might.

We oft have heard before of this thing,
And felt the pain of their poisonous stings;
They are very small, as you all know,
But their bite is large, as we can show.

And when you come home, they want to see
If you have not been on a big spree,
With face and eyes bunged so tight
You say, 'tis just so, mosquito bites.



Some Hot Air.

MY Jack, the rack, the rix stick stack,
The hi ball, the ho ball, crusty Jack.

REFRAIN:

Down to camp on a frosty morn;
Is the daisy hot, or is she cold?
My coat is sewed up, vest too,
My lady friends did it thus I'm told.

Then Vern, the ern, the rix stick stern,
The hi ball, the ho ball, puss Vern.

Refrain,--

Yes Frank, the rank, the rix stick stank,
The hi ball, ho ball, corn sheller Frank.

Refrain,--

'Tis Will the rill, the rix stick still,
The hi ball, ho ball, old fug Will.

Refrain,--

John Barly, the arly, the rix stick starly,
The high ball, ho ball, knock 'em out Barly.

Refrain,--

That Mart, the art, the rix stick start,
The high ball, ho ball, buckwheat Mart,

Refrain,--

McGint, the rint; the rix stick stint,
The hi ball, ho ball, no deer McGint.

Refrain,--

Now Moley, the holey, the rix stick stoley,
The hi ball, ho ball, splinter Moley.

Refrain,--

Warren, the roren, the rix stick storen,
The hi ball, ho ball, hot air Warren.

Refrain,--

Oh Christ, the riss, the rix stick stiss,
The hi ball, ho ball, camp-man Christ.

Refrain,--

My John, the ron, the rix stick ston,
The hi ball, ho ball, two eye John.

Refrain,--

Oh Dock, the rock, the rix stick stock,
The hi ball, ho ball, unfortunate Dock.

REFRAIN:

Then all join hands, on a frosty morn,
Bow to your neighbor, balance call;
Swing half round, swing back again,
Now why don't you promenade all.



A Day in the Fall.

THE solemn-choly days have come,
The gladdest of the year;
The buckwheat is in the batter,
And the sausages are here.

It's now we hear of venison,
Now so many call it deer;
And venison jumps right high,
And makes hunters feel so queer.

Now frost is on the pumpkin,
And quail a whirring go;
Hunter doeth like wise,
And holds his shot-gun so.

His dog is on the quiver,
When the birds come into view;
Foot aloof, and tail straight out,
He takes his stand for you.

The hunter draws up his gun,
Then squints through the sight,
When his fingers touch the trigger,
You will know 'twas just all right.

For the bird it tumbleth down
With its feathers all a wry;
The dog runs, picks up the bird,
Then looks him in the eye.

And thus his time is spent,
 Whilst tramping through the glen;
Filling up the game-bag,
 By both dog and man.

At night he cometh home,
 His clothes all full of burrs;
His game-bag all puffed out
 With game, that used to whirl.

This hunter is a fright,
 Face all scratched, hands all blood,
He is a sight to see,
 And yet he chews his cud.

What a smile of satisfaction
 Has settled on his mug,
He now hangs up his game-bag,
 His dog lies on the rug.



The Ladies of Camp Givler.

I'LL bring you a vest, I'll bring you a coat,
Oh yes, I'll bring you a Nannie-goat.

Bell.

CHORUS:

"Suri Sue, suri low, suri sacripublico,
When I see my Sallie Bublief come biblicale bu so low."

I'll bring you a wheel, one with a cog,
Oh yes, I've brought you the conductors dog.

Reba.

I'll bring you a cap, or bring you a hat,
Oh yes, I've brought you Bailey's cat.

Elsie.

I'll bring you a flute, I'll bring you a horn,
Oh yes, I've brought you the Miller's corn.

Mary.

I'll bring you a sheep, I'll bring it just now,
Oh yes, I'll bring you the old man's cow.

Mrs. W.

I'll bring you some straw, I'll bring you some wood,
Oh yes, I've brought you what I could.

Florence.

You have brought this truck, and yet no comb,
Now up with your traps and take them home

Mrs. B.



The No-see-em of Maine Woods.

HE is little, he is mighty,
Yet he makes you feel fighty,
No-see-em is his name on call,
And he strikes you any-where at all.

When on business he is intent,
Down goes its head, up went its tail,
Not by the dozen, or by the score,
But seemed a million or more.

On your hands, face, neck, and in your hair,
Yes by jingo they are every where,
Until you bring out your dope,
And rub it on; then see them slope.

Their song of cousin drops to no relation,
Just as if struck by Carrie Nation,
They disappear just like they come,
As does the rum when Carrie hits the drum.



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